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When music sheds its sweetest lay,
When dying winds are heard at night,
And fancy weaves some magic lay,
Soothing thy breast with visions bright.
The while thy heart is calm and free,
Pensez a moi ma chère amie!

Fate may sunder ties the nearest,

As now it tears this form from thine.

Hearts, whose love is purest, dearest,

Feel the blight that's withering mine.

Yet still thro' life 'twill cling to thee:

Pensez à moi ma chère amie!

And now adieu! a pearly tear
Is stealing down thy fever'd cheek;
To kindred souls how sweet how dear!
Expressing more than love can speak:
Pure as that tear my faith shall be:
Pensez à moi ma chère amie!